

*Imogen awakes.*

Yes Sir, to Milford-Hauen, which is the way?  
I thank you: by yond bush? pray how farre chether?  
Ods pittikins: can it be fixe mile yet?  
I haue gone all night: Faith, Ile lye downe, and sleepe.  
But soft; no Bedfellow? Oh Gods, and Goddesses!  
These Flowres are like the pleasures of the World;  
This bloody man the care on't. I hope I dreame:  
For so I thought I was a Caue-keeper,  
And Cooke to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the Braine makes of Fumes. Our very eyes,  
Are sometimes like our Iudgements, blinde. Good faith  
I tremble still with feare: but if there be  
Yet left in Heauen, as small a drop of pittie  
As a Wrens eye; fear'd Gods, a part of it,  
The Dreame's heere still: even when I wake it is  
Without me, as within me: not imagin'd, felt.  
A headlesse man? The Garments of *Posthumus*?  
I know the shape of's Legge: this is his Hand:  
His Foote Mercuriall: his martiall Thigh:  
The brawnes of *Hercules*: but his louiall face—  
Murder in heauen? How? 'tis gone. *Pisano*,  
All Curses madded *Hecuba* gaue the Greekes,  
And mine to boot, be darts on thee: thou  
Conspir'd with that Irregulous diuell *Cloten*,  
Hath heere cut off my Lord. To write, and read,  
Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisano*,  
Hath with his forged Letters (damn'd *Pisano*)  
From this most brauest vessell of the world,  
Strooke the maine top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Aye me! where's that?  
*Pisano* might haue kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on. How should this be, *Pisano*?  
'Tis he, and *Cloten*: Malice, and Lucre in them  
Haue laid this Woe heere. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
The Drugges he gaue me, which hee said was precious  
And Cordiall to me, haue I not found it?  
Murderous to'th Senses? That confirms it home:  
This is *Pisano*'s deede, and *Cloten*: Oh  
Giue colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horridder may seeme to thoe  
Which chance to finde vs. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

*Enter Lucius, Capitaines, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them, the Legions garrison'd in Gallia  
After your will, haue crost the Sea, attending  
You heere at Milford-Hauen, with your Shippes:  
They are heere in readinesse.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The Senate hath stirr'd vp the Confiners,  
And Gentlemen of Italy, most willing Spirits,  
That promise Noble Service: and they come  
Vnder the Conduct of bold *Lachimo*,  
*Syenna*'s Brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?*Cap.* With the next benefit o'th'winde,

*Luc.* This forwardnesse  
Makes our hopes faire. Command our present numbers  
Be muster'd: bid the Capitaines looke too't. Now Sir,  
What haue you dream'd of late of this warres purpose.

*Sooth.* Last night, the very Gods shew'd me a vision  
(I fast, and pray'd for their Intelligence) thus:  
I saw Loues Bird, the Roman Eagle wing'd  
From the spungy South, to this part of the West,  
There vanish in the Sun-beames, which portends  
(Vnlesse my finnes abuse my Diuination)

Successe to th' Roman host.

*Luc.* Dreame often fo,  
And neuer false. Soft hoa, what truncke is heere?  
Without his top? The ruine speaks, that sometime  
It was a wort hy building. How? a Page?  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead rather:  
For Nature doth abhorre to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleepe vpon the dead.  
Let's see the Boyes face.

*Cap.* Hee's aliue my Lord.

*Luc.* Hee'l then instruct vs of this body: Young one,  
Inform vs of thy Fortunes, for it seemes  
They craue to be demand'd: who is this  
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow? Or who was he  
That (otherwise then noble Nature did)  
Hath alter'd that good Picture? What's thy interest  
In this sad wracke? How came't? Who is't?  
What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing; or if not,  
Nothing to be were better: This was my Master,  
A very valiant Britaine, and a good,  
That heere by Mountaineers lyes slaine: Alas,  
There is no more such Masters: I may wander  
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,  
Try many, all good: serue truly: neuer  
Finde such another Master.

*Luc.* Lacke, good youth:  
Thou mou'st no lesse with thy complaining, then  
Thy Maister in bleeding: say his name, good Friend.  
*Imo.* *Richard du Champ*: If I do lye, and do  
No harme by it, though the Gods heare, I hope  
They'l pardon it. Say you Sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?*Imo.* *Fidole* Sir.

*Luc.* Thou doo'st approue thy selfe the very same:  
Thy Name well fits thy Faith; thy Faith, thy Name:  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say  
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure  
No lesse belov'd. The Romane Emperors Letters  
Sent by a Confull to me, should not sooner  
Then thine owne worth preferre thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* Ile follow Sir. But first, and't please the Gods,  
Ile hide my Maister from the Flies, as deepe  
As these poore Pickaxes can digge: and when  
With wild wood-leaues & weeds, I ha' strew'd his graue  
And on it said a Century of prayers  
(Such as I can) twice o're, Ile weepe, and sigh,  
And leaving so his seruice, follow you,  
So please you entertaine mee.

*Luc.* I good youth,  
And rather Father thee, then Master thee: My Friends,  
The Boy hath taught vs manly duties: Let vs  
Finde out the prettiest Dazied-Plot we can,  
And make him with our Pikes and Partizans  
A Graue: Come, Arme him: Boy hee's preferr'd  
By thee, to vs, and he shall be interr'd  
As Souldiers can. Be cheerefull, wipe thine eyes,  
Some Falles are meanes the happier to arise.

## Scena Tertia.

*Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisano.*

*Cym.* Again: and bring me word how 'tis with her,  
A Feauour with the absence of her Sonne;

A madnesse, of which her life's in danger: Heaucns,  
How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen*,  
The great part of my comfort, gone: My Queene  
Vpon a desperat bed, and in a time  
When fearefull Warres point at me: Her Sonne gone,  
So needfull for this present? It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort. But for thee, Fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seeme so ignorant, wee'l enforce it from thee  
By a sharpe Torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly ser it at your will: But for my Mistis,  
I nothing know where she remains: why gone,  
Nor when she purposes returne. Beleeue your Highnes,  
Hold me your loyall Seruant.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,  
The day that she was missing, he was heere;  
I dare be bound hee's true, and shall performe  
All parts of his subiection loyally. For *Cloten*,  
There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will no doubt be found.

*Cym.* The time is troublesome:  
Wee'l slip you for a season, but our ieaousie  
Do's yet depend.

*Lord.* So please your Maiesty,  
The Romaine Legions, all from Gallia drawne,  
Are landed on your Coast, with a supply  
Of Romaine Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the Counsaile of my Son and Queene,  
I am amaz'd with matter.

*Lord.* Good my Liege,  
Your preparation can affront no lesse (ready:  
Then what you heare of. Come more, for more you're  
The want is, but to put those Powres in motion,  
That long to moue.

*Cym.* I thank you: let's withdraw  
And meete the Time, as it seeks vs. We feare not  
What can from Italy annoy vs, but  
We greeue at chances heere. Away.

*Pisano.* I heard no Letter from my Master, since  
I wrote him *Imogen* was slaine. 'Tis strange:  
Nor heere I from my Mistis, who did promise  
To yeeld me often tydings. Neither know I  
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remaine  
Perplext in all. The Heauens still must worke:  
Wherein I am false, I am honest: not true, to be true.  
These present warres shall finde I loue my Country,  
Euen to the note o'th' King, or Ile fall in them:  
All other doubts, by time let them be cleer'd,  
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd. Exit.

## Scena Quarta.

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, & Arviragus.*

*Gui.* The noyse is round about vs.  
*Bel.* Let vs from it.

*Arui.* What pleasure Sir, we finde in life, to locke it  
From Action, and Adventure.

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Haue we in hiding vs? This way the Romaines  
Must, or for Britaines slay vs or receiue vs  
For barbarous and vnaturall Reuolts  
During their vse, and slay vs after.

*Bel.* Sonnes,  
Wee'l higher to the Mountaines, there secure v..  
To the Kings party there's no going: newnesse  
Of *Clotens* death (we being not knowne, not muster'd  
Among the Bands) may driue vs to a render  
Where we haue liu'd; and so extort from's that  
Which we haue done, whose answer would be death  
Drawne on with Torture.

*Gui.* This is (Sir) a doubt  
In such a time, nothing becomming you,  
Nor satisfying vs.

*Arui.* It is not likely,  
That when they heare their Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd Fires; haue both their eyes  
And eares so cloyd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time vpon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* Oh, I am knowne  
Of many in the Army: Many yeeres  
(Though *Cloten* then but young) you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And besides, the King  
Hath not deseru'd my Service, nor your Loues,  
Who finde in my Exile, the want of Breeding;  
The certainty of this heard life, aye hopelesse  
To haue the courtesie your Cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot Summers Tanlings, and  
The shrinking Slaues of Winter.

*Gui.* Then be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray Sir, to'th' Army:  
I, and my Brother are not knowne; your selfe  
So out of thought, and thereto so ore-growne,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arui.* By this Sunne that shines  
He thither: What thing is't, that I neuer  
Did see man dye, scarce euer look'd on blood,  
But that of Coward Hares, hot Goats, and Venison?  
Neuer bestid a Horse saue one, that had  
A Rider like my selfe, who ne're wore Rowell,  
Nor Iron on his heele? I am asham'd  
To looke vpon the holy Sunne, to haue  
The benefit of his blest Beames, remaining  
So long a poore vnknowne.

*Gui.* By heauens Ile go,  
If you will blesse me Sir, and giue me leaue,  
Ile take the better care: but if you will not,  
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romaines.

*Arui.* So say I, Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I (since of your liues you set)  
So slight a valeuation should reuerue  
My crack'd one to more care. Haue with you Boyes:  
If in your Country warres you chance to dye,  
That is my Bed roo (Lads) and there Ile lye.  
Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn  
Till it flye out, and shew them Princes borne. Exit.

## Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Posthumus alone.*

*Post.* Yea bloody cloth, Ile keep thee: for I am wisht  
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you should take this course, how many  
Must murder Wiues much better then themselues

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